

Pokemon Commandos

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Summary: The United States's most skilled and deadly Delta Force team...uses pokemon?

## 1. Default Chapter Title

### POKEMON COMMANDOS

Maj. Eric "Timber Wolf" Miller was the head of a Army Delta Force commando platoon. The 28-man platoon was often assigned the most dangerous covert ops missions. If a couple of Iranian subs needed to kiss the ocean floor, Miller's platoon was the tool to use. If a chemical weapons plant in Kazakhstan had a disastrous "accident", Miller's platoon could be seen emerging from the rubble, making their way towards a pick-up point.

The platoon's records were unmatched. But why was this platoon so good? Well, the secret to their success lay in their flak jackets. Hidden snugly under each suit of Kevlar body armor were two small red-and-white balls: Pokeballs. Each platoon member carried two pokeballs in their flak jackets and two more in their All-purpose Lightweight Individual Carrying Equipment (ALICE) backpacks. The second-in-command, Capt. Victor "Gator" Ashraf, made sure that no one, not even their direct superiors, knew about the pokemon.

Brigadier General Jon Madirosian, the battalion commander himself, attended the platoon's next mission's briefing. Of course, the battalion intelligence officer (S-2) did most of the briefing. But if the boss was here, than this must be a really important mission.

The S-2 cleared his throat, then started, "Gentlemen, I know that you're busy people, so I will dispense of the crap. In a nutshell, we want two munitions plants eliminated. They're in Sudan, and we believe they are manufacturing the weapons that some of the local terrorist factions have been using in their attacks. Destroying them

would really take a bite out of the terrorists' effectiveness.

'You'll enter the country via a pair of MV-22 Sea Hammer tilt-rotor aircraft launched from the USS Wasp in the Red Sea. They'll ingress at low altitude. Drop Zone is 12 minutes from crossing the coastline. It'll be 5 klicks from Munitions Plant Alpha and 4 klicks from Munitions Plant Bravo. Your platoon will split into two teams: Team Cougar and Team Hammer. Cougar's assigned to Alpha, Hammer's assigned to Bravo. Sea Hammers will extract you twenty minutes later. I suggest you go to the ops room and study the maps. You've got 5 days to get ready."

Madirosian rose and shook Miller's hand. "Good luck son, give 'em hell."

"Thank you sir," Miller saluted and left.

In the ops room, they worked out teams first. Miller commanded Alpha, with 1st Lt. Mike O'Brien as his XO; Ashraf commanded Bravo, with 1st Lt. Pat Johnson as his XO. Each team had 14 people. They spent the whole day going over the attack plan, each person remembering their own roles so well that they could repeat them backwards in their sleep. That was good, because they would be required to practice the mission in non-stop drills tomorrow.

Finally, after an exhausting 3-day practice and a much needed break, the team was on their way to Sudan. It was 1 am local, and the sleepy areas around the targets never had the least idea that two Marine MV-22 aircraft were violating Sudanese airspace at 30 feet above the ground. The lead aircraft took out roaming BRDM scout cars with precision using the steerable pod on the nose, which mounted a 20mm cannon.

At the IP, the two planes split up to drop the two teams. The teams landed stealthily and secured the perimeter expertly, taking out the sentries with short, accurate bursts of their M4 carbines. As soon as the planes left, the commandos took out their real weapons: the two pokeballs that each one always had ready.

Miller's team, Cougar, easily entered Target A, shooting out the cameras on their way into the building. Ashraf's team, Hammer, had more of a challenge. The door was locked by a digital pad requiring a number sequence. Any other sequence set off an alarm.

A new platoon member, PFC Alex "Ostrich" Morris, suddenly got an idea.

"Alakazam, go!" he yelled, throwing out Alakazam's pokeball. Alakazam popped out. He emitted psywaves at the pad, extracting the correct code and then entering it. The door unlocked.

"Good work Ostrich," Ashraf congratulated him. Morris grinned as he withdrew Alakazam.

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Meanwhile, Miller's team entered the building. They would now locate the building's 4 weak points and set their explosives on them. Luckily, they had an accurate blueprint. As they came to a long

corridor, Mike O'Brien's trained eyes noticed little red beams: trip-laser mines. He held up his left hand and balled it into a fist, signaling that everyone should stop.

Miller crept next to O'Brien. "Now what?" he asked. "It'll take too long to disarm all of the mines."

O'Brien didn't hesitate. "Use your Raichu, sir. A Thunder Wave's EMP is silent and will fry the mines' circuits."

Miller nodded and grinned. "Exactly what I was thinking. Raichu, go!"

Raichu popped out. "Rai," it said.

"Raichu, use your Thunder Wave to disable this corridor's mines," Miller ordered.

With an obeying "Chu", Raichu Thunder Waved the corridor, disabling the mines easily.

A 2nd lieutenant's eyes suddenly popped wide.

"Sirs, six Tangos directly ahead!"

Everyone turned their heads, spotting six AK-74-armed terrorists walking down the corridor, weapons in the ready position. The terrorists saw Miller's team a split second after they themselves were spotted. Everybody raced to raise and fire their weapons. Miller's team won.

O'Brien opened up his M4 carbine, spraying bullets over the terrorists. Miller was right behind him, and others joined in.

Even as the dying moans of the terrorists faded away, more bad guys appeared. 30 of them. Each carried a heavy caliber machine gun. Miller's team was pinned down, the heavy rattle of automatic weapons getting closer as two additional crack infantry squads arrived and charged towards the team.

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Ashraf's team was in its own mess. They had encountered their own resistance, and were ducking inside a small room while hundreds of bullets went whizzing by.

"Sir!" 2nd Lt. Alex Vargas suddenly yelled. "Tangos have RPGs!"

A rocket-propelled grenade slammed into the doorframe, pelting Johnson with bits of steel. A piece of shrapnel dug into his left arm, ripping the tendon and rendering it useless.

"Ugh!" Johnson groaned, falling back.

Ashraf was there in a second, "You okay?"

"Sir, we got bigger problems right now!" Morris yelled.

Ashraf looked up just in time to see four grenades slam into the roof's foundations, causing it to come falling down on top of the 14

troopers.

TO BE CONTINUED...

## 2. Chapter 2

Both 2nd lieutenants in Miller's team moved at the same time. They each threw a pokeball, revealing two Rhyhorns. With fascination and glee, the team watched as the two Rhyhorns, their hard armor easily stopping the bullets, charged right into the two crack infantry squads. Bones and bodies flew. The few terrorists that had survived the charge began running back along the corridor, screaming like banshees.

Next came the 30 terrorists with the heavy weapons. Again, the Rhyhorns were totally unfazed by even grenades and rockets as they rammed into terrorists' positions. The Rhyhorns' roars drowned out the human screams as terrorists were disabled, decapitated, dismembered, disemboweled, and then tossed around like rag dolls.

As Rhyhorns moved in front of the team to act as moving shields, Miller made a mental note to promote the two lieutenants.

The team packed up and moved out, this time with M4s and MP-5s at the ready and two Rhyhorns on point.

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Two Machamps easily held the collapsing ceiling in place while Ashraf put a cast on Johnson's arm. Morris and Vargas kept careful watch outside the corridor, although the enemy fire seemed to have stopped.

"I can't tell if they're out there, sir," Morris said as he threw up his hands in frustration.

"I can," Ashraf replied. He took out a pokeball, whispering to it, "Don't come out until I tell you to." Then, he threw the pokeball into the hallway.

An immediate eruption of bullets burst out, pounding the pokeball. But the pokeball was bulletproof. After a few seconds, the bad guys figured out what was happening and stopped firing. It was too late.

"Blastoise, go!" Ashraf yelled. Blastoise emerged from the pokeball. The frightening sight of the powerful water turtle prompted the terrorists to resume firing. But Blastoise dropped prone, and the bullets could not penetrate Blastoise's shell. It was like trying to destroy a tank with spit wads. Even the rocket-propelled grenades were powerless to faze Blastoise.

At this rate of fire, the terrorists ran out of ammo in a minute or so. Then Blastoise stood up and returned fire. Its two cannons let loose with long, strong plumes of water, blasting the terrorists back. Skin was actually ripped by the power of the water. Some drowned, others ran.

After the ordeal that the terrorists had put Ashraf's team through, the team wanted total and thorough revenge. Vargas threw a pokeball and revealed Dodrio, who chased after the retreating terrorists. Fury Attack, Drill Peck, Tri-Attack, and a really powerful Whirlwind obliterated them.

Blastoise, Dodrio, and the two Machamps returned inside their pokeballs as the team moved cautiously towards one of the structure's weak points.

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"Charizard, blow them!" O'Brien commanded. With a loud roar, Charizard spit out a thick pillar of fire. The fire hit the hallway of mines and set them off, cratering the hallway's walls and killing the squad of terrorists that had been vainly trying to stop the advancing team.

With haste yet caution, Miller set a C4 charge on a munitions stack. When activated, the C4 would set off the munitions, and the resulting explosion would collapse at least 1/3 of the building. This was the second charge set. Two more to go.

O'Brien looked at Miller and grimaced, "Only 12 minutes until the Sea Hammers arrive."

"We'd better hurry then," Miller replied.

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Ashraf's team was already setting their third charge. But they had run into a bit of a problem. A full platoon of 40 elite troops had them pinned down with 9mm machine guns, AKR assault rifles, and HE grenades: hand-thrown and rocket-propelled. There wasn't enough space for a big third-stage pokemon with lots of firepower. So they'd have to settle for the next best thing.

5 team members opened up their ALICE packs and each withdrew two pokeballs. They threw their pokeballs at the same time.

4 Electrodes and 6 Voltorbs popped out, each with the same orders: Explode or Self-Destruct. 4 big explosions and 6 somewhat smaller ones wracked the room. The ten pokemon fainted from exhaustion, but the 40 troops were literally incinerated. A charge was placed on the spot and the tired team proceeded to the final point.

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"Are we there yet?" one of the privates whined. Miller couldn't blame him. Their next point was clear across the factory. Everyone had fought long and hard and were all tired. With 10 minutes left on the clock, it was very uncertain if the troops could make their deadline. Miller's shoulders sagged and his legs felt like they were toothpicks, but he kept walking.

Suddenly, like a death shout, yells echoed across the corridor. More terrorists.

"Sir, Tangos incoming," O'Brien said. He sounded alert but was also tired.

Miller nodded weakly. "Suggestions?"

"We have to mop up fast. I suggest something with lots of firepower," said O'Brien.

"Let's try Sandshrew," said Miller.

"Sandshrew?" O'Brien was confused. Sandshrew was a first-stage pokemon and could hardly be considered...and then he knew what Miller was up to. He shrugged. "It's worth a try."

Miller opened his ALICE pack and tossed out a pokeball. "Sandshrew, go!" Sandshrew popped out.

The terrorists were in sight now, and they started to fire. But they missed Sandshrew because he was so small and fast.

"Fissure!" Miller yelled.

Sandshrew jumped up, then slammed back down onto the ground. The floor split open like a ripe melon, opening up right under the terrorists. They were swallowed into Earth's eternal crushing embrace.

"Hehe, cool," O'Brien commented.

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A few minutes later, all of the charges were set. The teams had made it with 3 minutes to spare. They ran outside to their pick-up points. Miller's team was picked up by its Sea Hammer. They made it out of the country fine.

However, Ashraf's team was not that lucky. As the Sea Hammer came in, 6 MiG-29 Fulcrum fighters swarmed it. Not good. Outnumbered and outgunned, the Sea Hammer had to return to the carrier and abandon Ashraf's team.

"Oh shit. What do we do now?" asked Johnson.

Ashraf thought for a minute, then said, "Morris, how many enemy units are in the area?"

"Not many, just the 6 Fulcrums," replied Morris.

"Great. Okay everyone, name any of your powerful flying pokemon," said Ashraf.

As all of the soldiers spoke up, it was discovered that Ashraf had an Aerodactyl, Morris had a Moltres, and Vargas had a Pigeot.

"Vargas, Pigeots can go Mach 2, right?" asked Ashraf.

Vargas nodded. "Yup."

"Okay, here's the plan. While Pigeot goes around at Mach 2 and distracts the Fulcrums, Aerodactyl and Moltres will dogfight with them and shoot them down. Then we'll radio the Sea Hammer, tell it that the coast is clear, and it'll come get us.," said Ashraf.

Johnson nodded. "Might work."

"It better," replied Ashraf. "It's our only chance. We go on three. Ready? One. Two. Three! Aerodactyl, go!"

"Moltres, go!"

"Pigeot, go!"

The three birds streaked out simultaneously, aimed for the Fulcrums.

"Aerodactyl, Wing Attack!" yelled Ashraf. Aerodactyl shrieked in acknowledgement. It dodged some 30mm cannon rounds from the Fulcrums, and sliced its wing into the belly of a Fulcrum. BAM! The impact literally broke the fighter in two.

"One down. Our turn. Moltres, Fire Spin!" yelled Morris. Moltres shot out a fire column. The targeted Fulcrum flew into a wall of fire. The flames melted the canopy and roasted the cockpit, including the pilot. Another one down.

"Pigeot, do the Whirlwind!" yelled Vargas. Pigeot flapped its wings furiously, creating a hurricane that blew a Fulcrum completely out of control. Then Aerodactyl used Bite attack and turned it into scraps.

Then, two AA-11 Archer air-to-air missiles flew out at Pigeot. The nimble Pigeot climbed hard and streaked upward at Mach 2, disappearing off of the missiles' sensors. But then, an Archer struck Moltres. After all, Archers home in on heat, and as a fire bird, Moltres was VERY hot and attractive to the missile. Moltres shrieked and spiralled downwards.

Morris ran over to Moltres and immediately recalled him. Moltres had taken bad damage and was in no shape to go back into battle. He looked at Ashraf. "Sir, I may have a replacement for Moltres."

"Go ahead," said Ashraf.

Morris threw a pokeball, and Butterfree popped out.

"I don't get it. This is a high-speed, high-performance fight, and Butterfree's slow and vulnerable, no offense," said Johnson.

Morris grinned. "Don't judge the cuisine before it's served. Butterfree, Stun Spore!"

Butterfree fired Stun Spore right into the air intakes of a Fulcrum. With the intakes clogged, the engines stopped working, and the Fulcrum fell to its doom.

"Wow, not bad," admitted Johnson.

Ashraf nodded. "Alright, let's finish this in one blow."

Morris and Vargas both nodded.

"Pigeot, Sky Attack!" yelled Vargas. Pigeot charged up, then streaked straight at a Fulcrum. He raked his talons forward at the last minute and smashed his claws into the cockpit. Suddenly, the Fulcrum pilot's oxygen flow was damaged, and the high-speed windblast was right in his face. Poor bastard. In addition, all of his systems were out.

"Butterfree, Psybeam!" yelled Morris. A psybeam flew out at the other Fulcrum, knocking out all of its systems and knocking the pilot unconscious.

As the two damaged Fulcrums flew, Ashraf finished them off.  
"Aerodactyl, Hyper Beam!"

Two Hyper Beams shot out, demolishing the two Fulcrums.

"Yeah! We did it!" yelled Morris.

Ashraf nodded. "Yup, we sure did. Johnson, contact the carrier. Tell them that the threat is clear, and that they can come back and pick us up." He gave a sigh and sat on the ground, resting as the adrenaline wore off.

Within half an hour, Ashraf's team was back on the carrier. Mission accomplished.

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file.